

New Song of an Orange,

To that excellent Old Tune *of a Pudding, &c.*

GOOD People come buy
The Fruit that I Cry,
That now is in Season, tho' Winter is nigh,
'Twill do you all good,
And sweeten your Blood,
I'm sure it will please you when once understood

'Tis an Orange.

Its Cordial Juice
Do's much Vigor produce,
I may well recommend it to every man's use,
Tho' some it quite chills,
And with fear almost kills,
Yet certain each honest Man benefit feels

by an Orange.

To make Clarer go down
Sometimes there is found
A Jolly good Health to pass pleasantly round:
But yet I'll protest,
Without any Jest,
No flavour is better than that of the tast

of an Orange.

Perhaps you may think
At *White H—* they stink,
Because that our Neighbours come over the Sea,
Yet sure 'tis perfum'd
That they may be perfum'd
By the scent of a Clove when once it is stuck

in an Orange.

If they'd cure the ayls
Of the Pr— of *Wa—*
When the *Milk of Milk Tyler* do's not well agree,
Tho' he's subject to cast
They may better the tast,
Yet let 'em take heed lest it Curdle at last

with an Orange.

Old Stories rehearse
In Prose and in Verse,
How a *Welsh Child* was found by *taving of Cheese*,
So this will be known
If it be the Q—s own;
For the tast it utterly then will disown

of an Orange.

Tho' the Mobile bawl,
Like the Devil and all,
For Religion, Property, Justice and Laws;
Yet in very good sooth
I'll tell you the truth,
There nothing is better to stop a mans mouth

than an Orange.

We are certainly told
That by *Adam* of old
Himself and his Bearn for an Apple was sold
And who knows but his Son
By Serpents undone,
And his juggling *Eve* may chance lose her own

for an Orange.

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